

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN OUT AND AT HOME.

"A Woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.—Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her."—Prov. xxxi.



"BROTHER AND SISTER."—FROM A PAINTING BY MULREADY.

MARY GORDON; OR, DUTY AND ITS REWARD.

I CANVOS bid you good-bye here, Mary. Should you be afraid to step outside the cottage for a moment?"

"No, Willie."

"But the rain—and think how cold it is."

"But it does not rain so very fast."

"What shall I do if you take cold?"

"I never take cold."

"Come, then, I will put my great coat round you, and we will slip out without their ever missing us." And he led her through the open door out into the wet evening.

"I never could say good-bye to you before George and his wife, and your mother—could I? I have so many things to say."

"No, indeed—and it has done raining, you see; so we can talk quite well."

"Come this way, towards the arbour."

"A cheerless-looking arbour it is now; the only green thing about it is the old laurel, with those little drops of rain resting and sparkling upon it."

"You must put my cap on, Mary. Yes, you must, it will keep you warm," and as he spoke he bared his own black curly hair, and put the Scotch cap over her light wavy hair.

"Now, we must not make each other melancholy, must we, Willie?—it will do no good."

"Not if we can help it, but I do feel down-hearted. It is hard to leave you, perhaps for two or three years, and go to Australia, of all places, the very other side of the world."

"But you are going to work for me, you know."

"Yes, but it is a lonely, miserable thing to have to leave you behind; if I could but marry and take you out with me, it would be all right."

"That would not do at all, Willie," she said, with an attempt to smile—rather a poor one though.

"I know we cannot afford it, but that does not make it easier."

"The time will pass so quickly."

"Lately time never does," he said gloomily.

"But we shall both feel that we are doing our duty, and that of itself will help to pass the time. I shall have quite a little fortune saved by my dress-making in a twelvemonth, and you will have earned ever-so-much, and I shall be a comfort to dear mother, besides—which is not so strong as usual, just now."

"But she would have your brother George and his wife to look after her if you left her now."

"Oh, yes, but we cannot afford to marry yet, can we?"

"I suppose not, but it is terribly hard. Mary, I want you to promise me something?" And his tone grew more cheerful. "If I have money enough to marry in twelve months, will you come out to me? if I cannot come for you."

"Yes."

"Are you sure and certain you will?"

"Quite sure; why should I not?"

"You may feel frightened at the idea of coming so far by yourself."

"I know I shall a little."

"Yes, I thought so; and you may get all sorts of absurd woman's notions into your head, that I may not respect you so much for coming, instead of waiting for me, that I may not be waiting on the quay to receive you. Will you promise me not to think such absurd things?"

"Yes, I do promise."

"Because the further you have to come to me, the more I shall love you, for doing a thing you disliked, for my sake—you will be putting me under an obligation that I shall not be able to repay, though I will serve and worship you all my life long."

"I would take any journey, Willie, if I thought I should see you at the end of it."

"And not be afraid?"

"Not very much. I know I need not at all, for I am sure God will take care of me wherever I go. I ask for His care and help in everything I do."

"I wish I were as good as you, Mary, only it would not seem natural for me to be the angel you are!"

"Oh, please don't call me that. I am so far from being like one."

"I am sure no angel can be better than you are."

"Oh, Willie, don't say such a thing, it only makes me feel that I must be very deceitful, or you would not think me so much better than I am."

"That is your humility."

"Oh, Willie!"

"Well, I will not say it, if you do not like it. But, now, it is a promise, is it not? You will come if I ask you?"

"I will."

"A sure, fast promise?"

"Now Willie, do I ever break a promise I make you. If I say I will meet you at such an hour, don't I do it? And at such a place, don't I go to the very exact spot? and why should you doubt me when I promise you this?"

"See how you stand up for your own goodness, when you are fairly put to it," said Willie, smiling. "If I call you good, you stop me, but if I call your goodness in question, you defend it. That's what I call natural womanly inconsistency, very natural indeed, and you would not be as perfect as you are without it."

"How you turn things, Willie!"

"But it is a promise! You see I am never tired of making you repeat it over and over again. Now, I shall long and long for the tones of your voice when I am far away. Sometimes I feel terribly down-hearted about going—feel as if I should never see you again, feel as though you must like some one else better, when I am once out of sight, and you have leisure to think of all my faults and failings."

"Do you really ever think I could forget you, Willie?"

"Sometimes."

"Oh, Willie!"

"Not often, but I know I am not worthy of you; and if you were once to find this out, you would cease to love me."

"Never! I know you must have some faults, everyone has, but I love you, you know I do; and we women do not change our minds as you men do, for all you say of our fickleness. There is far more danger of your forgetting me."

"You know very well, Mary, that there is not a face in all the world I care to look at but yours. No, I am sure of you. That is the highest compliment a man can pay a woman. We love each other too well to change. You will write by every mail, will you not, Mary?"

"Oh, yes."

"Never miss one, or I shall think all sorts of dreadful things; your letters will be the only comfort I shall have."

"Never fear, I will write; I will write to you, and think of you by day, and pray for you, and dream of you by night, Willie; you will be more than ever in my thoughts."

"How shall I say good-bye to you?"

"Cheer up, dear Willie, this is our dark hour, but it will pass away, and the bright time come again."

"It is like death to go!"

"Have faith in God, dear Willie; I am sure He will take care of us both, and do what is quite best for us, if we ask Him."

"You must go in, Mary, dearest, you will take cold and be ill. Why are you crying!"

"Only a little."

"What a foolish girl to cry for the sake of a good-for-nothing fellow like me!"—but the tears were running fast down his own face as he spoke—"and you are making such a baby of me, too."

"We shall have smiles instead of tears when next we meet, Willie!"

Lonely Willie's mother's cottage seemed, when she entered it alone. Ah, for the bright face! the cheery smile!—the loving look!—no longer there; only one short half-hour had passed since Willie had tapped at the cottage door, with his "I have come to say good-bye to your mother, Mary," and now he had gone. Long miles would be between them before another evening came. Long miles, and they would grow, grow so terribly long, hundreds and thousands long, cold, pathless miles of sea. Time and distance try, and hearts sorely.

"I will try and do my duty to dear mother, and pray for Willie," she would say to herself; and she did both heartily as the weeks went by, but she could not help looking a little and sometimes—only sometimes, and only for short times, for she knew her mother was quick to see the shadow on her face.

"Don't sigh, my child," her mother would say, "you're too young to know what a heavy heart is." But Mrs. Gordon was wrong there—was she not? We are never too young for that.

"You will soon have Willie's first letter, Mary," her brother George would say.

How she longed for that first letter! but she waited long before it came; it was five months from the evening he bid her good-bye in the rain, to that when the postman came up the little garden path

between the June roses, with a foreign-looking letter in his hand.

"Now, Lassie! I told you 't would come!" And the mother smiled more than Mary did, as she took her letter. Mary had grown suddenly pale, and the tears filled her eyes. "Well, go by yourself, then, and read it first,"—and so Mary sought her own little room with her treasure. That letter was too good to be opened even before her mother's eyes.

His writing! She had never seen a line of his writing in her life before; but, of course, it was his, whose else could it be? Long the unopened letter lay in her hand, and when opened with trembling fingers at last, the first thing she drew out was a dark curl. Its late owner would have been flattered could he have seen the effect it produced at first sight.

Every fortnight Mary had a letter now, and every fortnight she wrote one, and this was one of the great comforts of her life,—the first and greatest happiness she had, was that she could pray for one so dear. Many an earnest, tearful prayer that little quiet room of her's witnessed at early morning and silent night; and who shall say how much a man owes to the constant prayers of the woman who loves him? How many a time has the deadly bullet been turned aside. The sword made to sever from the devoted head. The storm lashed that would have overwhelmed the frail vessel. A shield has been held between fiery eager youth and the temptation. The head covered in the day of battle, and the heart kept pure in the hour of trial,—and all this as the fruit of a woman's prayer! If you love him, pray for him, and though he may not now, the day will come when he will pray for himself.

Mary had many trials; one, and the severest of all, was the unkindness of George's wife. It was very evident that she was tired of Mrs. Gordon and Mary's company, and wished to have the house to herself. A very natural wish, perhaps; but she need not have taken such very disagreeable ways of showing it.

"Don't you think, Mary, the room at the back of the house would suit you as well as the one you sleep in?" the sister-in-law asked one day. Now Mary's room was the one she had slept in from a child, and was a front room, with a bright southern aspect, always warm and sunny when any sun was to be had.

"Yes, Catherine, my room will do for me," she said quietly.

"Not the north room, surely," said George; "the roof leans down so, she will not be able to stand upright."

"She can stand at the window-side," said his wife.

"Yes, quite well," said Mary.

"But it will be cold for her in winter."

"Nonsense, George; before I married you, I always slept in a room like that, and never minded it the least—girls are not made of the soft stuff they suppose."

"But there is no fire-place."

"She does not want a fire in her room; who ever heard of such a thing?"

"No, indeed, I do not, George; I shall be very comfortable indeed, when once I am settled there."

"You are too good-tempered Mary,—everything pleases you."

"A nice compliment to your wife! I must say, George. No wonder they make nothing of me, when they see you trample on me in this way."

"I trample on you? You know, Catherine, I give you your own way in everything, a little too much, sometimes, perhaps; but I must say, I think it rather hard of you to make Mary give up the room she has slept in always, and move into one that no one ever thought of sleeping in, and that has been nothing more than a store-room, and place for boxes and band-boxes ever since I can remember."

"Oh, George, indeed you need not trouble yourself on my account. I shall be happy anywhere."

"What do you mean to do without a store-room, George?" asked his wife. "The little three-cornered room down stairs will make a good one."

"You don't mean to say that you think of taking Mary's little work-room? Why, my mother sits there with her, reading while she works nearly all day long. I'll never listen to such a thing."

"That's the way with you, George, you always fly out in a passion directly, and never have reason."

"Don't speak of such a plan again."

"Will you listen?"

"Not to that," said George decidedly.

"There has to be a fire there all winter through, and the money your father pays me for her board is little enough, without my being forced into such extravagance. One fire in the parlour, and one in the kitchen, ought to be enough for our whole family."

but George had grown impatient, and left the room without hearing all.

Catherine turned to Mary.

"I think, Mary, if you have any proper feeling, you will tell your brother that you see the sense of my words."

"I will tell him anything you wish."

"Mind you do, then."

"I am quite willing to give up the work-room."

"Of course you are."

It is very hard when our little self-denials are taken as matters of course by other people, but Mary had grown a little into the sweet spirit of that charity which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things," which "thinketh no evil," and "is not easily provoked." What a happy world this would be, if we all did so. How easily the wheels that now grind and shriek in the every-day wear and tear of life, would glide round at their work, if aided a little more freely with the oil of mutual forbearance. Bear, and forbear! they who have learnt to do this, have learnt a large share of the lesson they were sent into this world to learn. Avoid friction by all means, and you will escape many a fret, many a slowly healing sore. Not the great troubles of life, but its little frets and worries, wear us out,—slowly the happiness of our lives from us, and make us old before our time.

The up-shot of the conversation about Mary's work-room was, that (by her help) George was brought round to his wife's way of thinking, and Mary carried her work and her books up to her mother's bed-room.

"There, see how nicely all is arranged now, George," said his wife; "she is just as comfortable as she was before, and I am a great deal more so. So now, another time, I hope, you will allow me to manage my own matters without all this fuss and trouble. Men know nothing about household affairs, and, whenever they interfere, they give all sorts of trouble, and set everybody out of sorts, and lose their own tempers into the bargain."

Poor men! Women, certainly, do not give them much thanks for their advice in such matters; but then, on the other hand, what would they say to us, if we were to presume to advise them about their ploughing and sowing, their sailing, their buying, their selling, their speech and law making?—not but that (under the rose) we do advise them a great deal, and well and wisely too, as we flatter ourselves; but we have a sort of super-sense of tact, and we advise them in a humble, accidental way, that does not offend them. Whereas, they are apt to blurt out their opinions in such a direct style, that we feel bound to defend ourselves—don't we?

But Catherine had other designs against Mrs. Gordon's comfort—she desired for herself the room the old woman slept in, and wished to move her into the small front bed-room, that Mary had just resigned. Mary felt this unkindness to her mother more than she would have felt a greater one to herself, but there was no help for it, she saw; the house was George's house now, though it had once been his father's, and Catherine, as his wife, had full power to carry out all her ideas; so, for the sake of peace, she desired her mother to yield quietly; and so the desired changes were made without any of the "fuss" which her sister-in-law so much disliked.

But selfish people do not easily tire of making demands on the patience of their friends.

"I wish you would persuade your mother to go earlier to bed," Catherine said to her one morning when they were alone.

"She goes at ten," said Mary, wondering what was to come next.

"A full hour too late for her."

"But she does not think so."

"She ought,—but old people don't know what is good for them, they have to be treated like children."

"My mother is not so old." This was a new and very painful idea.

"Old! she is sixty,—I call that old."

"But I should not like to ask her to change her hour of going to bed, Catherine."

"If you don't, I will; only I thought you were the proper one to speak."

"I will do it."

"Don't forget."

Mary knew that she only had to speak to George about this request, or rather command, and that he would repeal it at once, and be angry with his wife, too; but the last thing she wished, was to sow dissension between the husband and wife,—she was ready, also, to yield much for peace' sake.

"And if you do not like to go to bed at nine,

Mary, you could sit in your own room for an hour now and then, could you not?"

"Do you wish us to leave the room at nine every evening?" Mary asked, wonderingly.

"Well, you see George is out all day, and he and I like to have the evening to ourselves." To do her justice, it must be said that Catherine looked a little ashamed as she spoke. "I hope you're not offended, Mary; but it's but natural, I think, that husband and wife should wish to have a quiet house alone, once in a way."

"I am not offended, Catherine, and it shall be as you wish every evening: I am sure I can answer for mother as well as for myself," Mary said; but though she spoke calmly, she felt the tears start to her eyes, and Catherine saw them.

"There you go, crying for nothing. I never saw two people so hard to please as you and your mother. I am sure I wish she had her own house, and then you could manage your matters your own way, and I should have some peace." It is strange to see how often crass, selfish people, fancy themselves the most persecuted of human beings.

"My life is a burthen to me, with you and your whims!" continued her sister-in-law, angrily; "I am sure I never require anything of you, but what is in reason." Mary was silent.

"You and your mother do all you can to set my husband against me; but you cannot do it, however you try." Mary was silent yet,—and silence came easily to her help, for the thought of Him "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again," was often present to her, and made endurance even sweet.

But matters could not go on thus for ever. Mary kept the knowledge of unpleasant things from her mother as well as she could; but this was not always possible, for Catherine did not always wait till her mother-in-law was out of hearing, or indeed out of sight, before saying unpleasant things. Mary saw that her daughter-in-law's unkindness was making a strong impression on her mother's mind, but she was not prepared for the first words with which her mother opened her mind to her.

"Mary, I cannot stay here."

"Are you not happy, mother?"

"Far, far from it."

"I have done nothing to trouble you, have I, mother?"

"You, dear? never."

"And George is kind."

"Yes, George is a good son."

"Catherine troubles you, does she not, mother?"

"She would go near to break my heart, if I let her."

"I do not think she means all she says."

"I cannot suffer it any longer."

"I do not think she means to pain us—she does not understand our feelings, mother; perhaps she will know us better as time goes on, if we can only bear with her a little longer. I fear it would grieve George, so if we were to leave the house."

"I cannot help it, my child; I have borne only too long, and Catherine takes advantage of your yielding nature—it will be best for all that we part before the breach grows wider."

"Perhaps so, mother; but where can we go?"

"You must look for quiet lodgings in the town, somewhere near, for I shall not like to be far from George."

"When had I better look?"

"To-morrow."

"So soon, mother? Well, if it must be it must. I do this thing, and his wife was very angry. My earnings will support us nicely, with what you have; we shall be so comfortable."

"I shall be sorry to leave the dear old house."

"And so shall I, mother, but it has not been a happy house lately; and wherever I have your dear face beside me, will be home to me."

The lodgings were soon chosen, and then the matter had to be broken to George. He was greatly hurt, and his wife was very angry.

"I thought you were so happy with us, mother!" he said.

"Some people never are happy or content, though you were to go down on your knees to serve them," said his wife. It was not very easy to satisfy Catherine.

"Of course, mother, if you do not wish to stay with us, we cannot keep you, but we are very sorry."

"Let them go, George, never try to stop them, you will only lower yourself, and get no good of it; only never let them say we turned them out of doors,—it is their own doing from first to last."

So the matter was settled, and a few days more saw them established in their new home. Very

happy and cosy they were, so happy that the months of summer and autumn passed away like weeks, and winter came round before they had begun to think of it.

"Just this evening, twelve months back, Willie left us," said Mrs. Gordon to Mary, as they sat by the bright fire, a little table between them holding a book, and candle, and Mary's work. "The year has gone quickly round."

"And the rain is falling just as it did that evening."

"And falling fast; do you hear footsteps outside, Mary?"

"Steps! Yes, it is the postman, mother;" and she left the room for a moment, and returned the next with a letter.

"From him!" she said.

"Aye, read it, dear; here, draw the candle to your side." Mary read; and as she did, a bright joyful colour suffused her face.

"Something very good in the letter, I guess, my girl?"

"He has got such a good situation under his own cousin. His cousin has a large sheep farm, you know, mother; but he has two farms it seems, and he wants Willie to take charge of one; he is to pay him, and Willie has some money saved, and is to begin to farm a little on his own account, too. He says he thinks it likely that after some years' time, his cousin will take him into partnership with himself."

"Rare news, indeed! He will be a rich man some day."

"But there is more, mother."

"Read it out, Mary."

"I'd rather tell you, mother. I made Willie a promise, the evening he left, that if he could not come home, and wrote for me, I would go out to him."

"Yes, dear." And an anxious look stole over the mother's face.

"And now he wants me to keep my promise."

"I thought how it would be; when does he want you to go?"

"At once, mother."

"I will not hinder you, my child; no, not though my heart should break,—your happiness is dearer to me than my own. Go, and your mother's blessing will go with you."

"Oh, mother!" said Mary, "I never thought of that."

"But it must be, my child. I shall know you are happy,—that will be my comfort."

"But you cannot live all by yourself, and you must not go back to George's." No, mother, I cannot leave you now. Willie does not know how changed things are, or he would not ask it. I will write at once and tell him all, mother."

"You must keep your promise to poor Willie."

"I will write and tell him all, mother. He will think of some plan that will make us all happy." Self-denying words, soon spoken, but at how great a cost!—little we know how costly a few calm words are to the speakers sometimes. Nights of sleeplessness, days of struggle, hours of fearful prayer, are needful to win content over self, of which we see the fruits. Mary found this to be so; and as days went by, the mother saw traces of the inward suffering, written in lines of care about the young mouth, and paleness on the bright cheek, and she would say, "I am sorry, Mary, you told Willie you could not leave me. What will he say? He will blame me for keeping you."

"No, for I have told him you wished me to go."

"And you should have gone, dear child."

"My first duty is to you, dear mother. God would not have spared you to me, if He did not will that I should take care of you, and comfort you; and I love you so dearly that my duty is my wish too."

"Four months, nearly, must pass before you have his answer."

The answer came at last, and a cruel one it was—shattering almost a fair hope in the young girl's breast. She had broken her promise (the letter said), and it was quite plain that she must have ceased to care for him. Why could she not leave her mother? Her means were enough for her support, and if they had not been, he would have added to them anything she had desired. Her mother could not be lonely, with her son and his wife so close at hand, and in the town where she had always lived, and had so many friends and acquaintances. How did other daughters manage to leave their mothers? No, he felt it was no real reason, but an excuse only. She had ceased to love him. Some one else had taken his place in her affections. He was willing to set her free from the tie which bound them, feeling that it was but a nominal one now that she

had ceased to care for him, and that by so doing he would best please her. So ran the letter. The only excuse for Willie (if excuse it can be called), was that the letter had evidently been written in a fit of anger and disappointment, immediately on receipt of her's. Impulse is a dangerous guide. Many a thing is done in haste, that may be repented of, and rue'd, aye bitterly, a whole life through, but can never be undone. A letter, a word, a look even, has destroyed the happiness of two hearts made for each other, which must henceforth live alone, or in the forced companionship with others—which is worse than loneliness—to the end of life. Impulse! Impulse! I am weary of the word,—let us steer by chart and rudder, and not be driven by wind and tide.

"Mary, my poor child, this is all my doing!"

"No, mother, don't blame yourself, all will be for the best; but I cannot talk just now,—I will go and be alone a little. Do not grieve, mother, I shall be better soon. It is hard at first, you know, when I love him so."

"How can he have the heart to write so? He has no heart."

"Do not speak of him, mother—not yet awhile."

"No, never again, he is not worth wasting words on. You have had a great escape, my child, from a bad man. He is a bad, cruel, heartless young man."

"Mother, I love him just as much as ever,—more because I have lost him, and your words pierce my heart. Don't think hardly of him; do not, for my sake. There is much to excuse him. No wonder he is angry when he thinks I have forgotten him, and care for somebody else,—that is very hard for him to have to bear."

"He has no right to think it."

"But he was never quite sure of me. He thinks so little of himself!"

"It will only grieve you, dear, if I speak my mind. You must only forget him as fast as you can now. It was an ill day when first you saw him."

"No, mother, I cannot forget him. I never, never, will. I am not angry with Willie, and if he were to write now and ask me to forgive him, I should; ah, so soon. But he never will write again."

"I don't know what you ever did, my poor innocent child, that you should deserve such trouble."

"Good will come out of it, mother, wait and see. I trust in God, and I know that He will take care of me, and make me happy yet; but, oh! mother, it is hard for me just now, is it not?"

George and his wife had to be told that the marriage was broken off, and their condolences were of a sort that Mary did not find it easy to bear.

"I never thought he really cared for you, Mary. I always knew it was but a passing fancy of his," Catherine said.

"I am writing him a letter that will make him ashamed of himself," said George.

"Oh, do not write to George,—please not;—you can do no good, and may do harm: do not write,—at least, not now, till you are cool," pleaded Mary.

"Is he to insult my sister, and am I not to resent it?"

"Do not write, I beg of you, George."

"She does not want to give him up yet, don't you understand, George," said Catherine, in her disconcerting tone. "Let her take her own way; perhaps he will bring him round after all." Poor Mary's colour rose, mounted to her temples at the unwomanly taunt; but she was silent, as her way was when hard pressed.

The matter soon got wind about the little town that Mary's lover had forsaken her, and Mary heard soon enough that her name was greatly in the neighbours' mouths in consequence. But she still kept on her even, uncomplaining way.

"I have done nothing wrong, mother, so I do not feel ashamed," she would say, when her mother pried her for this.

"Two months passed after the receipt of Willie's cruel letter, before the postman brought her another, for Mary had few correspondents. Her mother handed her this letter, and it was strange to see how Mary started.

"Willie's writing, mother, and an English post mark!"

"How can it have come?"

"He is in England, mother!"

"Read it, Mary; open and read it,"—and Mary did.

"Yes, mother, he has come home, and he will be here to-morrow, and he wants me to see him, and—"

"But here Mary stopped, she was crying so. A few more hours and Mary and Willie were sitting side by side, and hand in hand too, by the widow. Happy Mary! no more patient tears for her now. Happy Willie! to have now the gentlest, most faithful wife in the world.

"I told you you were an angel that evening of our parting," Willie said; "and you are, and if I could find any name better, I would give it you. Do you mean to say that you did not hate me outright when that wretched letter of mine came?" Mary only answered, "Hate you, Willie?" but her tone was the very best sort of answer, and I am sure Willie thought so.

"You would have been sorry for me, Mary, dearest, if you could only know what a state of mind I was in after I had sent that wretched, cruel letter; but I deserved it well. The moment it had gone I would have given words to recall it. I could not

to your troubles as I did,—it is heart-breaking to think of it. The more you forgive me, the less I shall forgive myself."

"It is all over now, Willie."

"We must be married at once, Mary; and your mother must come out with us, and we will take care of her as long as she lives, and a great comfort she will be to us. But now I must tell you about our cottage; and mind, you will think it prettier than the description, when you see it. I am a bad hand at describing, and I do not know the names of the beautiful climbing plants that grow all over it,—you will soon learn them."

"Let me call mother in, that she may hear, too." Mother was called in, and she was equally pleased. The three arrived safely in Australia. Oh! what a happy after life they led!

A MIDSUMMER FESTIVAL AT LACKSAND, IN SWEDEN.

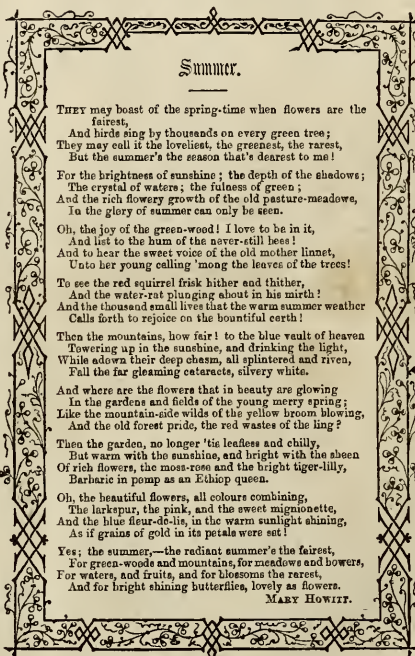
"LACKSAND lay on the other side of the dale-elf, which the road now led us over for the third or fourth time. The picturesque bell-tower of red-painted beams, erected at a distance from the church, rose above the tall trees on the clayey declivity; all willows hung gracefully over the rapid stream. The floating bridge rocked under us,—nay, it even sank a little, so that the water splashed under the horse's hoofs; but these bridges have such qualities! The iron chains that held it, rattled, the planks creaked, the boards splashed, the water rose, and murmured and roared, and so we got over where the road slants upwards towards the town. Close opposite here the last year's May-pole still stood with withered flowers. How many hands that bound these flowers are now withered in the grave! It is far prettier to go up on the sloping bank along the elf, than to follow the straight high-road into the town. The path conducted us, between pasture fields and leafy trees, up to the parsonage, where we passed the evening with the friendly family."

"They spoke about the Midsummer Festival the next day, and of the winter season here, when the swans, often more than thirty at a time, sit (motionless themselves) on the elf, and utter strange, mournful tones. They always come in pairs, they said, two and two, and thus they also fly away again. If one of them dies, its partner always remains a long time after all the others are gone; lingers, laments, and then flies away alone and solitary."

"When I left the parsonage in the evening, the moon, in its first quarter, was up. The May-pole was raised; the little steamer, "Prince Augustus," with several small vessels in tow, came over the Siljan lake and into the elf; a musician sprang on shore, and began to play dances under the tall, wreathed May-pole. And there was soon a merry circle round it,—all so happy as if it were the life of love but a delightful summer night."

"Next morning was the Midsummer Festival. It was Sunday, the 24th of June, and a beautiful sunny day it was. The most picturesque sight at the festival is to see the people from the different parishes coming in crowds, in large boats over Siljan's lake, and landing on its shores. We drove out to the landing-place, Barkedale, and before we got out of the town, we met whole troops coming from there, as well as from the mountains. Close by the town of Lacksand, there is a row of low wooden shops on both sides of the way, which only get their interior light through the doorway. They form a whole street, and serve as stables for the parishioners, but was actually the scene, that morning,—go into and arrange theirinery. Almost all the shops or sheds were filled with peasant women, who were anxiously busy about their dresses, careful to get them into the right folds, and in the meantime peeped continually out of door to see who came past."

"The number of arriving church-goers increased—men, women, and children, old and young, even infants; for at the Midsummer Festival no one stays at home to take care of them, and so, of course, they must come too—to go to church. What a dazzling array of colours! Fiery red and grass-green aprons meet our gaze. The dress of the women is a black skirt, red bodice, and white sleeves: all of them had a psalm-book wrapped in the folded silk pocket-handkerchief. The little girls were entirely in yellow, and with red aprons; the young ladies wore a dazzling richness of colour, and their blue, or bright sunny morning in the forest road. This road



THEY may boast of the spring-time when flowers are the fairest,

And birds sing by thousands on every green tree;
They may call it the loveliest, the greenest, the rarest,
But the summer's the season that's dearest to me!

For the brightness of sunshine; the depth of the shadow;
The crystal of waters; the fulness of green;
And the rich flowery growth of the pasture-meadow,
To the glory of summer can only be seen.

Oh, the joy of the green-wood! I love to be in it,
And list to the hum of the never-still bees!
And to hear the sweet voice of the old mother linnet,
Unto her young calling "now the leaves of the trees!"

To see the red squirrel frisk hither and thither,
And the water-rat plunging about in his mirth;
And the thousand small insects that the warm summer weather
Calls forth to rejoice on the bountiful earth!

Then the mountain, how fair! to the blue vault of heaven
Towering up in the sunshine, and drinking the light,
While adown their deep chasm, all splintered and riven,
Fall the fair gleaming cataracts, silvery white.

And where are the flowers that in beauty are glowing
In the garden and fields of the young merry spring;
Like the mountain-side wilds of the yellow broom blowing,
And the old forest pride, the red wastes of the ling?

Then the garden, no longer 'tis leafless and chilly,
But warm with the sunshine, and bright with the sheen
Of the flowers, the most-rose and the bright tiger-lily,
Barbaric in pomp as an Egyptian queen.

Oh, the beautiful flowers, all colours combining,
The lake-purp, the pink, and the sweet mignonette,
And the blue fleur-de-lis, in the warm sunlight shining,
As if grains of gold in its petals were set!

Yes, the summer,—the radiant summer's the fairest,
For green-woods and mountains, for meadows and bowers,
For waters, and fruits, and for blossoms the rarest,
And for bright shining butterflies, lovely as flowers.

MARY HOWITT.

comfort myself, I could do no work, no, nor sleep, for, it seemed as if an age would have to pass before the starting of the next mail. I tried to write a letter to you, that it might be ready to go—so many I wrote, but none pleased me, no words seemed penitent or loving enough to undo the sad wrong I had done. Then a fear took hold of me, that, perhaps, you would not forgive me. I knew I did not deserve to be forgiven, and this made me so restless and miserable that I could not get out. I took passage in the first ship that left Melbourne; and here I am, and a lucky voyage it has been for me."

"Willie, promise me one thing."

"Anything—everything!"

"If George is rude to you, do not be angry with him."

"Not I, he is your brother, dearest; and even though he were not,—he might be as rude as a bear, and I would be civil to him, if you asked me."

"But he may be very rude."

"No matter, but oh, to think of it, Mary, that when he and his wife were behaving so unkindly to your poor mother and you, and you were doing your poor little best to please everybody, I should have added

led down a steep to the lake, which was smooth and blue.

"Twelve or fourteen long boats, in form like gondolas, were already drawn up on the flat strand which here is covered with large stones. These stones served the persons who landed as bridges; the boats were laid alongside them, and the people clambered on, and went and bore each other on land. There certainly were at least, a thousand persons on the strand; and far out on the lake, one could see ten or twelve boats more coming, some with sixteen oars, others with twenty, nay, even with four-and-twenty, rowed by men and women, and every boat decked out with green branches. These, and the varied clothes, gave to the whole an appearance of something so festive, so fantastically rich, as one would hardly think the north possessed.

"The boats came nearer, all crammed full of living freight; but they came silently, without noise or talking, and rowed up to the declivity of the forest. The boats were then drawn up on the sand: it was a fine subject for a painter, particularly one point—the way up the slope, where the whole mass moved on between the trees and bushes. The most prominent figures there, were two ragged urchins, clothed entirely in bright yellow, each with a skin bundle on his shoulders. They were from Gagne, the poorest parish in Dalcarrila.

"There was also a lame man and his blind wife; I thought of the fable of my childhood, of the lame and the blind man: the lame man lent his eyes, and the blind his legs, and so they reached the town. And we reached the town and the church, and thither they all thronged; they said there were about five thousand persons assembled there. The church-service began at five o'clock. The pulpit and organ were ornamented with flowering lilacs; children sat with lilac-flowers and branches of hirc; the little ones had each a piece of oat-cake, which they enjoyed. There was the sacrament for the young persons who had been confirmed; there were organ-playing, and psalm-singing; but there was a terrible screaming of children, and the sound of heavy footsteps; the clumsy, iron-shod Dal shoes tramped loudly upon the stone floor."—*Hans Christian Andersen*.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

This Princess Charlotte was married on the 2nd of May, 1836, to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg—the present king of the Belgians—and few marriages ever gave greater satisfaction to the country.

"The union appeared to promise an unusual amount of domestic happiness. The royal pair were inseparable, and passed their time almost entirely at Claremont. When they left that pleasant retreat, John Bull and his large family welcomed them with amazing enthusiasm; and when it was known that the princess might shortly become a mother, the national joy knew no bounds. So young, so happy, so beloved; truly for her "the lines had fallen in pleasant places." Was it not a natural impression? A gloomy prognostic would have been ascribed to envy; a warning of coming sorrow to disloyalty."

"At Claremont she occasionally took country drives, but in the most unpretending manner. She was approaching the hour of "Nature's sorrow;" soon, it was hoped and believed, to pass, and leave her a joyful mother. Would it be a boy—a prince—the crowning glory of a long line of monarchs? There was no electric telegraph then; yet there were bulletins from Claremont every few hours, and when it was certain that the crisis had arrived, every household in the land was as anxiously expecting the event as if it had been the case of some near relative. Not that any fears were entertained. She was so young, so good; nothing but happiness could await her. The artillery, the gunners, with lighted matches, were ready in the parks and at the Tower. Swift horses and swift coaches were in waiting to spread the cheerful tidings over the land. The fifth of November, 1817, was a cheerless day. Rain and snow fell for some hours, and as night shut in a dense yellow fog settled down on the expectant city. At midnight there was a vague but terrifying rumour that symptoms of danger had occurred. Sir Richard Croft had asked for assistance. Then came a messenger of joy. The princess was a mother, "she had brought forth a man child." The myriads of the metropolis burst into almost frantic rejoicings; the guns roared; from the king to the labourer all gave thanks. Even the possibility of danger had ceased. "What a pleased, proud women she must be." A few years previous Lord Byron had written his celebrated lines, "On a Lady's Veil" —

"Were daughter of some line,
Thy air's disgrace, the realm's decay;
Oh, happy, if each tear of thine
Could wash a father's wrong away."

Now the tears were to flow from other eyes. She was at rest. Her dearly-purchased babe slept with her. Could it be true? Was she really dead?

Stern King of Terrors, could not Claremont and its happy inmates escape thee?

"Death with impartial hand strikes wide the door
Of Royal halls and hovels of the poor."

"Certainly no public grief ever touched the national heart so deeply as this. When the news finally came, November 6, that the princess was dead, fully nine-tenths of all the shops in London were shut, and on the day of all the funeral not one remained open, and you did not meet a single person who had not assumed some sign of mourning. It might have been supposed that there was not a house in the City "that had not one dead." There was sorrow in every heart and in every face."



"The funeral pomp at Windsor became sublime, for the sorrow of the mourners was genuine. The bereaved husband and father, what must have been their agony? Yet the king was great in his distress, for with a positive heroism of self-control, he wrote a letter with his own hand to Sir Richard Croft, the accoucheur, containing these words: "I thank you for your devoted attention to my dear child, and am satisfied that, if human skill could have availed, she would have been spared to me." Sir Richard, however, was not to be consoled even by Royal kindness; he sank into mortal despondency, and in a few days committed suicide in the house of a patient, whose acquaintance he expected. He was found dead, with his hand resting on a page of Shakespeare, where occurs the line—

"What has become of the Princess?"

"Of the general anguish felt at the loss of this illustrious lady, stronger proof cannot be adduced than the fact that for months afterwards the number of deaths in child-birth was fearfully augmented. Various monuments and other tributes of affection were voted by public bodies to the memory of the departed, of which the mausoleum in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, is probably the most striking. It can scarcely be contemplated even now without emotion. Of the monodies and other poetical offerings at the Royal shrine (and they were almost numberless), few are at present remembered, and none have such high claims to notice as the stanzas in the fourth canto of "Child Harold," beginning—

"Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
Faint hope of many monarchs, art thou dead?
Could not the grave forget thee, and thy low
Some less majestic, less beloved hand?"

"On the day of the funeral every pulpit in England expressed, by its minister, the general sentiment, hallowed by the voice of religion. Robert Hall embalmed, in a splendid burst of eloquence, the memory of the princess, teaching, by the awful warning, the truth of Solomon's dogma, "Vanity of vanity, all is vanity." Youth, beauty, goodness, high rank, the love and the prayers of millions, all unavailing to stop the destroying angel. One moment flourishing in the pride and glory of life, the next laid in the dust and darkness. What a terrible lesson!"

FROM "THE OLD CITY, AND ITS HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS,"—A book recently published by W. H. Collingridge, London.

The British Workwoman

OUT AND AT HOME.

JULY, 1865.

"I BELIEVE THAT ANY IMPROVEMENT WHICH COULD BE BROUGHT TO BEAR ON THE MOTHERS, WOULD EFFECT A GREATER AMOUNT OF GOOD THAN ANYTHING THAT HAS YET BEEN DONE."—*Earl Shaftesbury*.

MOTHERS' WORDS.

"Words are but air." This is often lightly said as a kind of extenuation for thoughtless, or unkind, or wicked words. But the fact is, that we cannot very well overrate the importance of words. They tend so very much to make up the sum of human joy, or misery, in the world, they bring such lasting good or harm, they are forerunners of all sorts of consequences. Moreover, their effects are more lasting than we take the trouble to think them. The joy of many a life has been ruined by a few thoughtless or bitter words,—the love and trust of friendship have been turned into scorn and suspicion by words malicious and unkind.

Weapons of such power need very careful handling. Will the readers of "THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN" receive a few suggestions on the subject? Mothers have reason to be very careful of their words. Children catch them easily, and retain them in their memories, and reproduce them in after life. What can be more sad than to hear an English mother uttering profane words? The listener is sure to be shocked beyond description, no matter how worldly a heart he may have.

Oh! mothers, be careful in your use of words. Speak, then, not lightly or thoughtlessly. Angry words are very stinging. Many a child has borne the pain of them long after all else of childhood has faded away from his memory. Mothers little know the harm they do in their haste. They speak the bitter words without thought, but some children cannot forget them.

A girl who was scolded often in her youth, grew up with the idea that she was inferior to others, that she was stupid and ugly and clumsy. Yet she was quite as good as the average of girls of her age,—she was not particularly simple. Her mother did not believe she was, but she told her so in the heat of her displeasure. But it stuck to her. She never had any self-reliance, she was nervous and awkward in society, she was never estimated at her right value. All because of the mother's frequent harsh and unkind words.

Oh, if mothers would only give their children a few more loving words, if they would speak earnestly and judiciously to them of the dangers they must encounter, the difficulties that must be in their way. If they would lead them not by satire or sarcasm, but by gentle, eager, tender words into the paths of rectitude and right—how reverently would such mothers be held, how very sacred would their memory be.

We are all imitative creatures. And in the same way in which English women speak to their husbands and children, so will these in their turn speak to their own associates and friends. We know when we speak to a girl, from the manner of her reply, what kind of "mother's words" she hears.

May we say a word to our young readers on the same subject? Be very careful of your words. Give no promises that you cannot perform. Be respectful. There are few things so winning in young persons as a respectful, deferential manner. Be respectful to your employers. Give them always polite and gentle words, both when spoken to, and of them. It is their due. A girl who forgets herself so far as to give rude and impertinent replies, deserves, what she is pretty sure to get, harsh and unsympathetic words as her own portion.

Give kindly, pleasant words to your fellow-workers. Life is hard enough—make it as bright as you can for each other. So much joy may lie in a few kindly enquiries, or earnest replies; it is a pity not to enjoy them when we can.

And let all young British Workwomen be careful of the words they use in connection with their parents. Can anything be more painful than to hear those who have loved and toiled for their children through long and weary years, stigmatised "as the old woman," "the old man," &c. It is a thing to make one's blood boil to hear the way in which some girls speak to their parents; contradicting, denying, even ridiculing what they say, showing no sympathy with the pains and weakness attendant upon age; but, on the contrary, being mercilessly severe upon their short-comings. They forget the commandment with promise, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Let your words, then, my dear young friends, be charitable, healing, kindly, courteous, and always truthful. Let them be words of soberness and gentleness; reproving tenderly, praising modestly, encouraging kindly, and a blessing shall surely rest upon them.

GRACE DARLING.

THE roll of mortality for the last six months comprises many illustrious names. Among these some of fame are titled and entitled men, who have achieved greatness in almost every department of life. But how many there are of the sons and daughters of poverty, who, for their worth or their wisdom, deserve to be well known and be forgotten—strangers on earth, but favourites of heaven. Lately there has passed away a north-coast boatman, who, with his daughter, seven and twenty years back, performed a daring act of heroism. He and his wife were made notorious for a little while, and then suffered to pass away unnoticed, so that, to many the news that the father of Grace Darling is dead is the first intimation that Grace Darling's father had lived so long.

Who was Grace Darling? The daughter of the lighthouse-keeper on the Farne Island, Northern coast of England, who saved human life at the risk of her own, when strong men stood appalled. It was on the 5th of September, 1838, that the Forfarshire, a Dundee packet, struck on a ledge and speedily broke up.

She had on board a valuable cargo, with forty passengers, besides the crew. It was four in the morning, dark, wild and stormy; all but nine persons found a watery grave. These clung to portions of the wreck, exposed to the buffeting of the tempest, in the hope that daylight might bring succour, if succour could be sent to men who were perishing. The unfortunate men were deserted from the lighthouse built on Longstone, about a mile distant, and kept by the weather-beaten tar whose death has recently occurred.

So perilous was their situation that it seemed hopeless; no boat could stand the breaker, and the stout heart of the hardy keeper trembled at the thought of braving the mad fury of the sea, as it drove against the rocks. The little solitary family in the lighthouse watched with painful anxiety the poor men struggling for life, yet doomed to certain and speedy death if not soon rescued. And that aid, they well knew, could be given only by themselves. One of the daughters was deeply moved by the terrible spectacle. "Let us go the rescue!" she cried. The old man surveyed the stormy heavens above and the angry sea below, and shook his head; besides, it was madness for him to venture alone. "I will go, with you, father," said the heroic girl; and, urged on by her entreaties, the keeper launched his boat. The girl jumped in beside him, and with an oar, they made the perilous passage. When their heads and steady hands and brave hearts were needed to guide the frail boat over the boiling eddies, drenched with the bewildering spray—but storm and wind and spray were all breast.

After almost incredible skill and bravery, the men were taken from the wreck and landed safely at the lighthouse; and as they looked at the young girl, to whom, under God, they owed their deliverance, their hearts were filled with wonder and gratitude. Well, they were saved, the world rang with applause at the brave deed of the heroic woman—a woman who, four years later, was called away from her home in death to the home in heaven. And now, at the age of eighty-four, her father has followed her. Shall we altogether forget our Darlings? No; the memory of Grace will still abide with us—the story be an heir-loom to many a generation—but should we not be rendering a right tribute to virtue in some monument on the Farne rocks marked the place, and told the story of a woman's daring and devotion.

THE INTERNATIONAL REFORMATORY EXHIBITION took place at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, from the 18th to the 23rd of May. THE PRINCE OF WALES showed his sympathy with the work of affording shelter to poverty, and granting the opportunity of reformation to the sin-stricken and fallen, by opening the Exhibition in person. So varied were the products exhibited, not only by British but by foreign philanthropic and penal establishments, that there was something to charm the taste of all who visited this truly fairy-like scene of beauty and utility. Various trades and occupations were here carried on in public; and much the children and adults of the Homes and Institutions seemed to enjoy the change of pursuing their ordinary work, amidst such extraordinary surroundings. Even the blind and deaf appeared to derive pleasure and satisfaction by the change from the monotony of their every-day life, which was gratifying to witness. One of the most suggestive sights was afforded by the presence of 1000 children on the platform, neatly dressed and looking well and happy, who had been previously trained to give their aid in the excellent musical entertainments which added to the vivacity of the brilliant event. While persons of all ages and of both sexes, the youths of the institutions confined within the Reformatory and Refuge Union, the young are much more largely represented than the adult or the old, as was shown on this occasion. It was a sight to fill all mothers' hearts with blended emotions. Who could look at the young beings there congregate, to the number of so many hundreds, without a feeling of deep thankfulness that so much care is bestowed upon the helpless and neglected? But who, again, could gaze upon so large a number of the youthful inmates of our reformatories and refuges, without feeling that something is wanting in parental care and influence, when such substitutes for home-life and teaching are necessary. As mothers of the poorer classes looked upon the thousand children assembled on the platform to sing the sweet songs which they had been trained to perform with scrupulous exactness, time and once over, and watched the tranquillity of the girls at their washing, sewing, lace or bead making; or noticed the self-importance of the boys at their wood-chopping, shoe, mat or brush-making, they could hardly fail to feel grateful to Providence that such substitutes for their own dutiful performance of their parental obligations were provided in case of need. But we hope that no mother was so far blinded by the sunshine-brilliance of the Exhibition as to forget that it must, for truth's sake, be conceded that the picture has also its shadow. While good and great, and generous, and wise men and women are giving their time and substance to shelter, feed, clothe and educate these poor children, how much will parents have to answer for who voluntarily yield to others the performance of duties which belong to them alone? Let no mother forget that any substitute for her training can be good only in a secondary degree; that her children are committed to her by God, and that to be trained really as they ought she, and she alone, must do it. But having taken this right view, and done what she could, then let her thank God and rejoice that such places and people are to be found to aid her efforts, from whatever circumstances their failure may arise. True love, true independence, true dignity, must be nursed at the home fire-side; but let mothers offer praises and thanks to the God, who made different ranks, orders, and degrees of men, that such homes as these exist to shelter her dear ones in case of her inability, from sickness, poverty, moral disqualification, or death, to do that for them which she should never voluntarily yield to another.

NEXT TO MOTHER.

A LITTLE girl of six years old sat by a cradle, where lay a fretful baby; she rocked it softly and sang a lullaby lullaby, but the great tears rolled down her cheeks. It was a lovely day in summer-time, and the sun shone bright and warm upon the soft, waving grass, and upon rich masses of beautiful flowers. The birds sang sweetly, and seemed to say to her, "Come out, little one, come out, and be happy with us! Leave the close, dark room, and come into the sunshine." In the shrubbery two children were playing; she could see them from the window, sitting in and out among the lilac bushes, laughing and shouting in their careless happiness. Sometimes they would leave off a moment, and come running to the window, to entreat her to come out and play with them. But she only shook her head sorrowfully, as she said, "I can't leave little brother;" and then she rocked, and sang, and wept, as before. By-and-by her mother came in. Her sleeves were rolled up, and her hands and arms were white with flour; it was plain to see that she was very busy.

"What is the matter, Mary?" she asked, wondering, seeing the pitiful picture of distress her little girl presented. "Why do you cry, my dear?"

"Oh, I want to go and play with cousin Olive and sister Kate," she sobbed out; "and I can't go, I can't go."

"Why, yes, you can, dear. Leave Willie, it will not hurt him to cry a little, and I will take him by-and-by."

Mary only shook her head, and went on with her rocking. "I can't go, mother, until you come and take him," she persisted in saying. And her mother, knowing how useless it was to attempt to turn her aside from doing what she thought to be her duty, was compelled to leave her alone again.

It might have been an hour afterward that, having finished her work, she came in and relieved the faithful nurse. But the sun was shining broad and hot in the garden, and her cousin Olive and sister Kate were tired of staying out of doors; they wanted to come in and play with their dolls. And thus the nice play in the garden, which she enjoyed so much, was over for that day. But fretful Willie was asleep, and there was a smile upon her mother's face as she kissed her, and called her "a good little nurse." So Mary went her way, happy and contented, and wondered why the birds seemed to sing sweeter and the sun to shine brighter for her than it did for other little girls.

Years passed on, and more brothers and sisters came with the years. There always seemed a cradle to be rocked, always some little one who wanted care and attention which only Mary could give; and she gave it freely now—no longer with tears—and the little ones have her all their motherly love—their reverence and love.

"We love her next to mother," they all said. "Kate is good for a romp, and Jenny tells us funny stories; but when we are sick, or in trouble, if we cannot have mother, let us have Sister Mary."

My little readers, this is a true story I am telling you. Sister Mary still lives in a beautiful home. Her brothers and sisters have grown to manhood and womanhood now, and have gone, one by one, from the old homestead, and her brother generation is growing up around her, and she hears baby voices lifting her name, and calling upon her as of old for her help and tender care. They all love Aunt Mary; she is "next to mother" still.

SONGS OF THE WORKERS.—No. 9.

HASTEN HOME.

TUNE.—"Willie we have missed you."

When follows pleasant evening

After the day;

From dust and din of labour,

Oh! hasten we away.

Dear eyes are bright with love,

And the hands are bright with toil;

And the hearts shall be made happy;

That the stranger's words have chilled;

To the refuge from the world.

Where the glad and happy come,

Oh! brothers, sisters, dear ones,

Hasten, hasten, home.

From pleasant hills and meadows

Where shadows lie,

To where our little children

Are sleeping peacefully.

Where even-sons are sung,

And the air is full of love,

And the dear lips that have blessed us,

Seek the blessing from above.

From the pleasant spot of life,

Be not we in haste to roam;

Oh! brothers, sisters, dear ones,

Hasten, hasten, home.

The world has many pleasures,

None are as these.

As those that gather round us,

Full of gladness here.

We may not highly prize

God's greatest gifts of earth,

He lets us find our happiness

Where the ones we love had birth.

Our cottage roof is bright,

Though it have no lofty dome;

Then brothers, sisters, dear ones,

Hasten, hasten, home.

THE IRISH SCHOLAR; or, Popery and Protestant Christianity: a Narrative, by Rev. T. W. Arding. —There has just been published by Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, a sixth edition of this intensely interesting narrative of a child rescued from the sea, brought up for a Roman Catholic priest, then converted to Protestantism, and employed as a Scripture-reader, supporting himself by private property which he proved his title to inherit in a remarkable manner. Also—A LECTURE ON THE ASSASSINATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, by the Rev. Newman Hall, published by Mr. Snow. The latter demands early reference because of its present and its future importance. Mr. Hall, a thorough-going Northerner, and all who rejoice in the subjugation of the Confederacy, and in the prospect of the liberation of the negro race, will read this little book with delight.

A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH.—A speech falling on a sheet of blank paper may be blown away by a breeze, and leave no stain; brush it off roughly, and it will be engraved into the paper."—Rev. James Inglis.

THE UNEXPECTED LEGACY;

OR,

"LIGHTLY COME, LIGHTLY GO."

CHAPTER VIII.

JOHN ISLEWOOD'S CONTINUED ILLNESS—LIZZIE'S "BAD LUCK"—ROSE'S PERSISTING KINDNESS.

JOHN was seated half-reclining in an old arm chair, when Eliza entered with Rose; and the poor fellow, in his agitation and weakness, burst into tears as he stretched his wasted hands towards her, and clasped her to his bosom in perfect forgiveness, while Eliza, overcome by contending emotions, sunk upon her knees before him, and seemed quite unable to speak. The bitterest disappointment and vexation was gnawing at her heart, while conscience was at the same time asserting its sway, and torturing her with its silent condemnation; and though her stubborn heart was still loathing her lowly position in life, and badly longing for all that God's providence had thought proper to withhold, yet she knew full well that she was continually committing a grievous sin in not being content to do His duty in that state of life to which she had been born.

The next day Rose went to Mrs. Cramp's, to bring away—not Eliza's handsome dresses and jewellery, for of those that lady had taken possession—but the old and despised garments, which for so many months had been cast aside; as for Mrs. Islewood, the weakness of her character could be the only excuse for her fretful lamentations over what she chose to call "poor Lizzie's bad luck, and her gal's hard lot." And the kind clergyman, Mr. Boscawen, who frequently visited John after his accident, and his patience rarely tried in his endeavours to convince her of the folly of her ideas.

It could scarcely be expected that all at once Eliza could be brought to take with resignation the consequences of her error. At first she would do nothing but lie on her bed, with some cheap trashy publication held in her hand, listlessly absorbed in the unrealised visions of the past, and giving way to wild longings for what was never to be hers, and when she did so far exert herself as to come down and assist her poor father to limp about the house, or to listen to the kind advice and instructions of Mr. Boscawen, it was with an absent, weary air. Her old friend and adviser, Sally Horsey, had married a private soldier, and was living in barracks with her husband, which was a happy thing for Eliza, who would otherwise have been subject to her gibes and jeers.

After a time, however, better thoughts and feelings began to arise in Eliza's breast, and sometimes as she lay indolently on her couch, she would listen patiently to Rose, who would try to draw her attention to the valuable contents of the "Old Book," and now and then she would, with a deep sigh, own that there did seem some sense in its pages. Thus Rose gladly sought every opportunity she could find for reading and talking to her misguided sister, although, since her return home, she found it necessary to stick closer than ever to her needle, for Eliza seemed to have no thoughts of doing anything as yet towards her own support. And so it had come to pass that, though going steadily onwards, Rose was still some way from getting to the end of her legacy.

The visits of Mr. Adams to the Islewood family, never remitted since poor John's return home from the hospital, now came to be looked forward to with increased pleasure by both Rose and her father. Mrs. Islewood, volubly then, pronounced "he amused her husband," as she said, and because it relieved her from an hour or two's attendance upon the sick man, and gave her time to dandle over her clear-starching or wander into a neighbour's for a bit of gossip. But Rose had during these visits become very dear to the heart of Mr. Adams. He had watched her sweet filial affection, her untrifling attention to her sick father, her patience with all the fretfulness and impatience of pain and suffering—he had witnessed her dutiful obedience to a weak and capricious mother, her anxiety and watchfulness over a wilful and silly sister, and he felt the firmest conviction that so amiable a daughter and sister could not prove otherwise than the choicest of blessings as a wife. Although many years older than Rose, he was still in the prime of life, his health was excellent, and he was industrious, steady, and right-minded; and he had begun to hope that he was not indifferent to her. With his poor blind mother, Rose had become a treasure, for Mr. Adams had made them acquainted, well knowing her kindness of heart.

One day John Islewood happened to revert to the

day, or rather night, when he and the clerk had met over the memorable copy of the *Times* paper, at the "Five Bells,"—"And it has often been a wonder to me, Mr. Adams," John said, "how you ever came to be there."

Mr. Adams laughed, and said he did not visit the house once in six months, and only then to see Mr. Bellows himself, and not for the sake of his cellar, for that they two had been boys together, and he could not bear to lose sight of an old friend, even though he had turned publican.

Rose looked up from her work with such a bright smile, that Mr. Adams continued: "And would never be likely to pass the evenings" at such a place, if I had but a dear, loving wife at home to give me such a sunny smile as that, Rose. I'll tell you what, Mr. Islewood, a woman is a man's fate, either for good or ill, so she has more to answer for than she may think."

Rose blushed deeply, but said laughing, "Ah, I see, Mr. Adams, you are truly Adam's son—the wife must, as usual, bear all the blame."

"And could my Rose venture to be his Eve?" softly whispered the clerk, and bending closely down, as if to turn over the content of her work basket, he took her hand in his own with a gentle pressure.

CHAPTER IX.

JOHN ISLEWOOD IS GATHERED TO HIS FATHERS—ELIZA GOES TO A SITUATION—THE MYSTERY OF THE "OLD BOOK" REVEALED—CONCLUSION.

A year and more had elapsed since the above conversation, and had, as it ever does, brought forth many events; for which of us can look back for so long a period without being sensible of the many changes which are ever creeping on around us.

For John Islewood had lingered on for many months, requiring increased attendance, day by day, as his bodily health gave way before the icy hand which was stretched towards him to lay him low.

Mr. Adams's poor blind mother died suddenly; she was found reclining in her chair, as if in a calm sleep, but was cold and stiff—she must have died without one struggle.

Eliza, happily, at last, was not only conscious of, but deeply sorry for the past folly of her ways, and as she felt haughtily by her being constantly reminded of her mad ambition, whenever she saw her aunt, or the late Miss Horsey, she determined to take a situation in a distant town, and the clergyman, Mr. Boscawen, kindly obtained her one in his mother's family at Andover, where she lived for many years; and, profiting by her past errors, became a much more useful member of society than could reasonably have been expected, although it must be owned that for many a long year pride continued to be her besetting sin.

"Eliza, Eliza," would her old mistress exclaim, "when will you lay aside this ridiculous vanity of yours! Were it not for that, you might make a very respectable young woman." But, to the day of her death, Eliza hated the word *respectable*.

The sick man continued to drag on a wearisome existence, nursed not badly by his wife, and with the tenderest solicitude by Rose, until the pleasant month of May. His long and trying illness had brought him to look upon life as a shadow quickly passing away, which was to lead him onwards either to everlasting misery or eternal happiness. He could review a long life, beset with many a care, and many a sin; and as he drew nearer, day by day, towards his eternal rest, a sweet and trusting faith grew up in his heart, that by the pitying intercession of a blessed Saviour, all those dark spots of evil which had defaced his soul would be washed away. Truly penitent was John Islewood for the errors of the past, and never since his accident had ale or spirits passed his lips. Sometimes he would feel sorely inclined to be irritable with his wife, when her tiresome ways were really aggravating; or before Eliza left, he was tempted to give her angry set down—but it seemed as though some good angel was now keeping the door of his lips, for he would talk away with a silent prayer for strength to bear all things patiently for Christ's dear sake, and acknowledged with thankfulness that the Lord had indeed brought good out of evil to him, in thus teaching him to see and amend the error of his ways.

And thus it was, in the month of May, when dowers decked the ground, and birds were gaily singing in the trees round the lovely cemetery, that John, fully resigned, and willing to give back his spirit to the God who gave it, was laid in that last resting place, a far wiser, better, and happier man than when he met with the accident, which had brought him humbly to his Saviour's feet.

The loss of a beloved and honoured parent was a

severe blow to the affectionate Rose, but she sorrowed not as one without hope, and when the first agony of grief had subsided, she was enabled to look forward with pious resignation to the time of that future meeting, where the grief of parting could never come again.

Eliza came home to attend her father's funeral, her ruling passion still peeping forth in the *fashionable* suit of mourning with which she had provided herself, very inconsistent with her situation in life, and much fitter for her mistress than herself. The thirty pounds Rose had saved out of the wreck of the Legacy, was very useful during John's illness, and went far towards the expenses of a decent funeral, which the poor widow, with her daughters, Mr. Adams, and a few other friends, followed with sorrow and respect. And then everything seemed to drop into a monotonous, quiescent state of existence, for Eliza returned the following day to her place.

During the last weeks of her father's life, he had become so deeply interested in "The Old Book," that Rose had, by degrees, got through more than two thirds of it, and every line was fraught with something improving to the soul, and the cause of his death had proved to him during that last illness, it had become more precious to his daughter than ever. So that, after his loss, it was the companion of many an hour of sadness and reflection: And she used to bring it down almost every evening, persuading her mother to profit by its beautiful precepts; till, at length, she had nearly reached the end, having read many a favourite passage over and over again, till they were fully imprinted on her memory.

One Saturday evening, Rose having finished and taken home some beautifully executed needlework, and received the remuneration for it she so entirely merited, sat down in the window to finish the last pages of her "Old Book."

It was pleasant summer weather, and the sunset was very beautiful, even as it could be seen in Lower Brook Street, so that it shed its departing glories through the open window of Mrs. Islewood's cottage, and across the pages which were lying open on Rose's lap. She read on and on, looking up now and then at the golden glories, as they sank behind some distant houses, when, as she went to turn over the last leaves of the manuscript which ended with a few blank pages, she found the one between her fingers felt strangely thick, and supposing two might be together, tried to separate them, but being unable to do so, she examined them more closely, when, to her surprise, she discovered that two had been neatly and curiously gummed together all round the edges; and holding them up to the setting sun-light, she became convinced that there was something concealed between.

"Mother," she said, "do just come here a minute, and look through the light at these last leaves in my Old Book; there is, certainly, something in between them;—whatever can it be?"

"Lor, child, what nonsense," said Mrs. Islewood, who was leisurely ironing a collar. "Whatever should there be in a trumpany, old fusty book like that—are I—can't come, not I, my iron will get cold."

Rose, however, could not have a doubt of the fact; and, after some hesitation, she made up her mind to see what it was; so, carefully inserting her pen knife between the leaves, she, with some little trouble and care, not to injure the writing, got them apart, when to her unbounded astonishment, she drew out several Bank of England notes!

"Mother, mother!" she exclaimed, "for goodness sake, come here! why, here's a lot of money—only do but look!"

Mrs. Islewood came quickly enough then;—setting down her iron with a plump upon its stand, she was by Rose's side in a moment, examining the newly-found treasures to ascertain their value, which was no less than another two hundred pounds! And the two women were overwhelmed with pleasure and surprise when Mr. Adams walked in. "Of course he was equally astonished, and then the remaining leaves (though blank) were carefully looked through, and the whole book turned over backwards and forwards, till the inscription on the title page caught Mr. Adams's eye, and he read it aloud:—

"I, George Abel Islewood, do give and bequeath 'this ancient book, with its valuable contents, to him 'or her who first has the good sense and patience to 'peruse it through.'"

"Well, then, and that's our loss, I'm very sure!" cried Mrs. Islewood. "Lor, only but to think of her getting all this sight of money for reading through a book! Well, well! but that George Abel Islewood were a curious old fellow, and no mistake! All that

great heap of money for Rose, as much again as he left for all of we! 'Wise, Rose, 'tis you be the grand lady now, meebinks! 'tiso't fair, anyhow!'

"Nonsense, mother, said Rose; do you think I should be so selfish and greedy? You and Eliza have just as good a right to it as I have, and it wouldn't do me one morsel of good if I was to keep it and spend it all myself, would it now, Mr. Adams?"

"No, indeed, my Rosy," he promptly replied. "Though, by right, it is all your own, I do not know you if you do not make your mother and poor Lizzie equal sharers with yourself."

"Yes, indeed, I should think so," sharply added Mrs. Islewood, quite oblivious to the generous decision of Mr. Adams, who was only waiting the year of Rose's mourning for her father to expire, before making her his wife.

And so Rose divided equally with her mother and sister the legacy which had so unexpectedly and strangely come into her possession.

Within a year Eliza married a policeman, which she consoled herself was "a step above labour, at least," as she expressed it; and Mrs. Islewood went and took up her abode with them.

When the year of mourning for her father was expired, Rose made no further objection to becoming Mrs. Adams; and after a very simple and quiet wedding, Mr. Adams took home to his heart and hearth, the woman who, above all others, he felt assured would render his home-life one of happiness and peace.

J. B. L.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

The poet has said "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever." How much then should we be indebted to the poets to the public for a rare collection of beautiful things, that the eye of the humblest may delight in inspecting, and the heart of the poorest be made rich in enjoyment. When the late Mr. Vernon gave to the world the splendid and valuable pictures with which everybody who has visited Kensington Museum must be familiar, he did a good work, and one which has been highly appreciated; a good work, inasmuch as the cultivation of taste is really something better than the mere advancement of mental powers—it makes the heart as well as the head better. A picture, for instance, such as that which adorns the first page of this number of the *BRITISH WORKWOMAN*, cannot fail to awaken kindly memories and gentle feelings. It is copied from one of Mr. Mulready's pictures painted for the late Mr. Vernon, and included in his collection. The subject is very simple, but it is touching; the child is the chief object of interest, the little play-fellow of his older companions, is shrieking in his sister's arms in sportive terror, while a youth—a brother it may be—looks on with evident pleasure at the scene. It is a picture of humble, innocent enjoyment—of sisterly affection—a mother-sister, to coin a word—that to the child is the embodiment of every perfection.

Is not this picture a homily—a sermon on canvass about household joys and household duties—vibrating with the measure of the Psalm, "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

Little brother, darling boy, you are very dear to me;
I am happy—full of joy when your smiling face I see.
How I wish that you could speak, and could know the words I say;
Pretty stories I would tell you, to amuse you every day.
All about the honey-bees, flying past us in the sun;
Birds that sing among the trees, in the meadows run.
I'd be very kind to write and read to you every day;
As some naughty children do, quite forgetting God's day.

Dear reader, have you children of your own?—happy wife! happy mother!—are they such as you would have them to be? loving each other out of hearts that are strange to guile. Are you a sister—a little mother in the household—round whom the children cling, to whom they come in childlike joy to sorrow, to share that sorrow, to joy with you? Be true to your trust. Let them learn from you nothing that in after days they would unlearn—let nothing be done by you which shall render their happy childhood gloomy. Be kind to them, dear sister, that they may love you all your life—or, if the good God calls you home, cherish your memory with fond affection. Think you, the little child in the picture, nestling on its sister's bosom, could ever forget her? Would he not, as years went by, think of her living as one in whom all confidence might be relied; or dead, as of some bright angel in the angel-world?

THE OPEN AIR MISSION.—This praiseworthy Society have during the past year, in addition to the ordinary street preaching, visited thirty races, forty-six fairs, seven executions, and eight other special gatherings, for the purpose of preaching and distributing tracts. 684,500 tracts had been distributed.

"I MUST HAVE ONE OF THEM."

So said a smiling but very earnest face, as she pointed out a certain paragraph in "THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN."

"I must have one of them." Why? Because the way to win either is by being active—because the more active I am the more subscribers I shall obtain—because the more subscribers I get the wider will "THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN" be circulated—because the increased circulation will be the means of diffusing an increased amount of pleasant and profitable reading—because the managers of the journal deserve all the assistance and encouragement they can receive—because the greater the success of this experiment, the greater the pleasure of the generous prize-donors.

Yes, I must have one of them! Here is the one—not only an emblem, but a means of industry as well as an actually useful helper, that will do a marvellous lot of work in a very short time; and here is the other, the Holy Book of God, the sacred Scripture, showing us what we ought to believe and what we ought to do. So that the two prizes represent Religion and Industry.

And I must have both of them—no, not both the prizes but both those principles which the prizes represent; I must have them if I would be a worthy British Workwoman.

What I say is, let every woman in the land—work—out and at home!—to gain new subscribers to this periodical—which I call our paper. I shall do my best—and proud and happy I shall be to know that my best has added something to the number of readers and subscribers—for, mark you, I want them to read, as well as to subscribe!

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

DAILY WORRIES.—[Morgan and Chase, Ludgate Hill.] Who has not their daily worries—out of doors and at home there is enough and more than enough to try the temper and weary both brain and heart. It is these little things that are hard to endure—we meet a great trial, a heavy sorrow, acute suffering with more fortitude than is called into action by small troubles and petty cares. Well—the Rev. F. S. Dale has written a capital little book on the subject, which we heartily recommend to all who are troubled. He shows us that the troubles come from; tells us we are too apt to make the most of them—making a trouble of that which is no trouble, failing to remove when we can the cause of annoyance and—more and better than all—he gives us a cure. Even in this day of universal remedies for everything—a remedy for the healing of Daily Worries is a novelty—and yet the recipe is very old.

THE LIFE OF JAMES KEYNOTH.—[Morgan and Chase.] A very interesting biography, full of profitable instruction. It is the story of grace—a poor prodigal theme that is made a bright and shining light. It is well told, neatly got up, and sells for sixpence, in cloth cover for one shilling, and with a photograph portrait for one shilling and sixpence. It deserves a very large circulation.

THE LOST CHILD: A Ballad for Mothers and Fathers. [Jarrold and Sons.] This is a rhymed story by Mrs. Sewell, author of "Mother's Last Words," "Our Father's Care," &c., and it is excellently well done.

APPLICATION OF FUNDS TO THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS. In this paper, prepared by the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, Miss Emily Davies shows how much narrower are the means provided for the education of girls than for that of boys. She gives a narrative of the foundation of various public schools, contending that the same time should be devoted to the education of girls as to that of boys, and does not advocate the throwing open of our Grammar schools to girls—dwelling only on the necessity of providing the necessary funds. These funds she expects will be shortly forthcoming, and suggests modes of application. Her conclusion is in very great importance—But Home Education is, after all, the best education for a woman.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor of "THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN" begs thankfully to acknowledge the kind commendations of the work from many friends and well wishers for its success. He believes they will share with him the pleasure he feels in the encouraging expressions of approval contained in the following:

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Amongst the many works of great value intended for the elevation, improvement, and instruction of the industrious classes, we do not know of one which has accomplished so much good, and reached so many of so much excellence in its first year's existence, as the one entitled the *BRITISH WORKWOMAN*. We have watched the growth and development of this journal, and we are very glad to see that it has so deserved well of those for whose special good it was prepared, as the one before us. First, its engravings are of striking and appropriate character, illustrating matters which will be sure to win the attention of the mind, as well as gratify the eye. The variety and uniform

excellence of the articles, combined with their practical character and another feature of success, that they are short, pointed, and written intelligently, and in a kind spirit. The type is large and good, and the setting-up of the work shows a spirit of enterprise which will not fail to be appreciated. There is no pandering to a depraved taste, but no elevating moral tone runs through both the prose and the poetry. Many of the incidents recorded are of an unassuming character, and show that much good may be done by a word duly spoken either by a child, a wife, or a father. We do not know of any other work in which the happy influence of women is so strongly and happily set forth in all the varied spheres of life and duty. It is emphatically a woman's book, and we hope every household will give it to his wife, and every housewife give it to his sister. The articles are highly useful in tone, elevating in tendency, interesting in character, well adapted to rivet the attention and engage the affection of the neglected class of persons to whom it is addressed; and it has not the least basis for its success in that sphere of labour upon which it has so earnestly entered."—*Stockport Advertiser*.

We are sure there is room for the '*BRITISH WORKWOMAN*' wherever the '*British Workman*' is taken in. They should go side by side, and each other as man and wife, brother and sister. All the letters sent in to the purpose, well chosen, and likely to interest those for whom the paper is intended."—*The Weekly Record*.

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